

The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

No. 18, Vol. ii.]

BELFAST, JUNE 1st, 1882,

[For Gratuitous Circulation

THE First General Committee Meeting of the Society was held, in accordance with the rules, in the Depository, Queen's Arcade, on Wednesday, May 3rd, at 3 p.m. The retiring President, T. McClelland, Esq., J.P., was in the chair, and the following members were also present—Miss J. E. Bruce, R. McCalmont, Dr. John McCaw, J. Mansell Smyth, Dr. John L. Polly, Rev. J. J. Wright, D. McMaster, W. A. Adamson, Rev. H. Rylett, J. F. Mulligan, George Fisher, J. M. Darbishire, Rev. J. C. Street:

On the motion of Rev. J. C. Street, seconded by Mr. George Fisher, Edward Gardner, Esq., LL.D., Downpatrick, was unanimously elected president for the year.

The thanks of the meeting were warmly accorded to the retiring President, T. McClelland, Esq., for the faithful services he had rendered to the Society during his year of office.

Mr. McClelland, in returning thanks, said he had tried to do his best, and was glad that his efforts had met with so much approval. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the Society, and was glad to render any services, however humble, to promote its growing prosperity.

On the motion of Rev. J. C. Street, seconded by Mr. J. F. Mulligan, the following gentlemen were elected Vice-Presidents for the year:—

JOHN BENNETT, Solitude; HENRY BURDEN, M.D.; SIR E. P. COWAN, J.P.; J. M. DARBISHIRE, HERBERT DARBISHIRE, WILLIAM DOBBIN, R. HUNTER, M.D., Larne; F. W. KIDD, Dundalk; J. MILLER, J.P., Comber; REV. W. B. MINISS, Dromore; W. G. MULLIGAN, T. MCCLELLAND, J.P.; REV. S. C. NELSON, M.A., Downpatrick; REV. JOHN PORTER, Ballee; W. B. RITCHIE, M.D., J.P.; W. ROBERTSON, J.P.; REV. J. C. STREET, J. F. HODGES, M.D.

The following ladies and gentlemen, with power to add to their number, were then appointed the Sunday-School Committee for the year:—

MISS J. E. BRUCE, Miss COE, Miss COLEMAN, Miss DARBISHIRE, Miss M. DAVIDSON, Miss DOBBIN, Miss MAY; REV. J. A. KELLY, Rademon; REV. H. RYLETT, Moneyrea; REV. J. J. WRIGHT, Mountpottinger; J. M'WILLIAMS, A. ULLATHORNE, J. M. DARBISHIRE, REV. J. C. STREET.

It was decided that the other Committees

should be appointed by the Executive at its first meeting.

Various suggestions were then made with a view to increase the usefulness of the Society. Among these were—

1. The publication and circulation by the Society of a series of useful leaflets and tracts adapted to meet the necessities of the present times.

2. The fitting up of the Committee Room of the Society as a reading and writing room, supplying it with all the current Unitarian periodicals, and the establishment of a Book Club in connection with it.

3. The arrangement, if possible, of a systematic visitation of Sunday-Schools.

During the months of April and May the Rev. J. C. Street has continued his Sunday Evening Lectures. His subjects have been—"Life and how to use it," "Work and how to do it," "Wages and how we earn them," "Darwin the Revealer," "Emerson the Seer," "The wants and woes of Ireland;" and "The Minister of Religion and his Duties in the Present Day."

On the evening of April 23rd the Rev. C. C. Coe preached, and on the evening of May 14th the Rev. R. Pilcher lectured on "The Discipline of Life."

With the close of May, Mr. Street's Sunday Evening Services are discontinued for the Summer as usual. This year it is more than usually necessary that it should be so, as his medical advisers urge upon him the need of great care lest his ailments of last year should return. The Lectures since Christmas have proved both attractive to strangers and useful.

FISHERWICK PLACE CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL

THE teachers of this Sunday-School met recently to mark their recognition of an agreeable and most unusual event in the history of Sunday-Schools—namely, the jubilee of Mr. William L. Finlay as a teacher, and Mr. Samuel Vance as secretary, each of whom has for now more than fifty years held office in the school. Tea being

over, the chair was taken by the Rev. H. M. Williamson, who characterised the interesting occasion as most uncommon. He had been occasionally at the jubilees of ministers, but never before at that of a Sunday-School teacher. Such an event reflected the highest honour on the brethren they met to congratulate, and on the school they had so long and so faithfully served. After some further appropriate references on the subject, the Chairman called on Mr. Turnbull to read an address from the teachers to Mr. Finlay, and on Mr. Charleton to read one to Mr. Vance, to which each made a suitable and feeling reply, Mr. Vance adding much interesting information regarding the records of the school, and Mr. Finlay giving reminiscences of some scholars who had passed through his class, two of whom had met unexpectedly in North China, and spent an evening together reviving their recollections of Fisherwick Place Sunday-School and its associations. The proceedings on the occasion will no doubt recall to a large number pleasing memories of their own connection with this the first Sunday-School opened by a Presbyterian Church in Belfast.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH OF THE SECOND CONGREGATION, BELFAST, ON FRIDAY, 22ND APRIL, 1882.

The chair was occupied by Dr. Hyndman.

Mr. Street having opened the meeting with prayer,

The Secretary read notice convening the meeting. Letters of apology from several friends unable to attend were read, also the following letter from Mr. Herbert Darbishire :—

DEAR MR. RITCHIE,—I regret exceedingly that my absence, in England, will preclude my being present at the annual meeting of the Second Congregation on Friday evening. For many reasons I should have wished to be present, that I might have been in communion with my fellow worshippers; that I might have declared my allegiance to those great principles which it is our privilege, as a Congregation, to vindicate and to uphold; and especially that I might have said a few words in support of the resolution of Welcome which is to be offered to Mr. Street. I am sorry that, out of deference to the Mutual Improvement Association, who wished their welcome to be made emphatic by not being united with that of the Congregation, this resolution has been deferred until the present juncture, when Mr. Street has returned from the Conference at Liverpool, full of new heart, new hope, and fresh encouragement, to live out his high vocation. I regret that unavoidable circumstances have pressed on our financial position. Let us remedy this, and at the same time prove our earnestness and sincerity by doing what we can. I shall have great

pleasure in doubling my stipend for the ensuing year, and will continue this increase from year to year as long as I am able. With hearty greetings, believe me, dear Mr. Ritchie, yours very sincerely,

HERBERT DARBISHIRE.

Minutes of last Annual Meeting, and Special General Meeting of 2nd October, 1881, read and confirmed; Committee's Report and Treasurer's Statement of Accounts read by Secretary; also, the Manse and Music Committees' Reports.

Mr. James M. Darbishire read the Sunday School Report.

Mr. George Fisher read the Library Report.

Mr. W. C. Dobbin read the Vigilance Committee's Report.

The Chairman moved, and Mr. R. M'Calmont seconded :—

That the General Committee's Report and Treasurer's Statement of Accounts, together with the various Sub-Committee's Reports and Statements of Accounts, be received, adopted, and entered on the minutes of this meeting.

Mr. M'Clelland moved, and Mr. James M. Darbishire seconded the following resolution, which, being supported by a number of members present, was put to the meeting, and carried by acclamation :—

That the Members of this Congregation extend to their beloved Pastor, the Rev. James C. Street, a cordial and affectionate greeting on his return from abroad in renewed health and vigour. That they look forward with hope and confidence to his continued vindication of those principles of religious toleration and spiritual freedom which he has hitherto so persistently and successfully striven to maintain. And that they rejoice to know that, in returning from the proceedings of the Conference held last week in Liverpool, he brings with him new hopes and fresh encouragement, combined with the consciousness that he is fortified in his work in the North of Ireland by the moral support of the Free Christian Churches of England and America.

Mr. Street delivered a feeling and suitable reply.

The Chairman moved, and Mr. Wm. Rankin seconded :—

That the special thanks of the Congregation are due, and are hereby heartily tendered to Dr. W. B. Ritchie, J.P., for his services as Treasurer. That this meeting receives his resignation of the office he has so worthily filled with much regret; and desire at the same time to record its grateful acknowledgment of his long, loyal and liberal support of the Church of the Second Congregation, with which he has been intimately identified throughout the whole of his life.

A vote of thanks was passed to the Secretary on the motion of Mr. R. M'Calmont, seconded by Mr. James M. Darbishire. The Secretary having replied, a ballot was then taken for Committee and Officers.

Dr. Polly moved, and Mr. F. E. Dale seconded :—

That we desire to tender our hearty thanks to the ladies and gentlemen of the Choir for their past services which have been rendered with so much ability and acceptance to the Congregation.

Mr. W. R. Stitt moved, and Mr. J. W. Kin-
near seconded—

That the best thanks of the Congregation are due, and are hereby tendered to the Auditors—Messrs. G. M. Stewart and W. C. Dobbin—for their valuable services, and that they be requested to act in the same capacity during the present year.

Moved by Mr. George Fisher, and seconded
by Mr. D. W. Moore—

That the Chairman do leave the chair, and that Mr. R. M'Calmont do take the same.

Moved by Mr. George Fisher, and seconded
by Mr. D. W. Moore—

That the best thanks of the meeting are due, and are hereby tendered to Dr. Hyndman for his able and efficient performance of his duties as Chairman of this meeting.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THE following is the Paper read by the Rev. J. J. Wright on the occasion of the Annual Meetings of the Unitarian Society, and referred to in our last issue :—

The words "Sunday-School Libraries" logically contain three things :—A library, made up of books ; a school, composed of young folk ; a *Sunday-School*, which is constituted for a special purpose. Books for libraries, to be read by children, who belong to our Sunday-schools :—these things are the materials for our consultations together this morning.

I shall assume all through that there *ought to be* a library in every Sunday-School, because if any man should deny this, his denial would be clear evidence that he has no business to speak on Sunday-School matters. And I do not merely say that there ought to be a library in connection with every Sunday-School any more than I would say there ought to be bread and furniture in connection with every home. Without food and furniture there cannot be a home worth calling one ; and without a library there can be no Sunday-School complete. As a parent, who, through indolence or selfishness, starves his offspring, is condemned, so the Church or Sunday-School which does not, by means of books, clothe its children with moral power and nourish them to a right mind, is verily guilty of negligence. Of course, all this we all admit. The children we gather around us ought to have placed within their reach those miracle-working "mediums"—books. And to do this for them is not by any means a big difficulty. Anyone here this morning having twenty friends, able to give shillings a-piece, can, at least, *start* a children's library ; and Heaven alone knows what, by such an effort, you shall do for the future of our coming men and women ! "Why, this book is a gospel to me," exclaimed Coleridge, as he read "Spinoza ;" and there have been books, indeed, borrowed from libraries which have proved a gospel of genuine salvation to the boys and girls who read them. And so various are the needs of young human nature that we never can prophesy which book will be a gospel to this boy or that girl. An American pedlar, passing through a hayfield on a sunny afternoon, drops a copy of Burns into the lap of the farmer's lad, John Greenleaf Whittier, and the land of spiritual song is discovered within the nature of Whittier. We remember how Cullen Bryant told Dana that, when he first read Wordsworth, "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once into his heart, and the face of Nature suddenly changed into a strange freshness and life." Wilhelm Meister it is who comes to Carlyle with the oil of consecration, while Thomas à Kempis is the voice whom George Eliot feels bound to heed. And I warrant that, if our own humbler experiences might be mentioned, we

should find that books, of which, perhaps, the world says little, have turned or shaped many of us in our life career. It would be an interesting study of ourselves to ask by what books and under what circumstances we have been mostly influenced. "Did you ever read Dana's 'Seven years before the mast'?" said a friend of mine to an old sea-captain. "Ay," replied the old salt, with a stronger oath than I dare repeat this morning, "it was that book sent me to sea. Curse it, I should never have been where I am but for it."

Here, then, it is that our chief difficulty arises as regards "Sunday-School Libraries." Books we may provide, but *what* books? We may induce children to read, but what should they read? Out of the multitude of books, and keeping in mind our varieties of children, what ought a Sunday-School to aim at in promoting a library?

One answer to these queries might be: Aim at nothing; make no choice at all; just stock your school library with the books that are going, if you've got the money to do it; leave it to the instincts of young folks themselves to find out what is wholesome or rotten; their mental and moral appetites will naturally select the wholesome and reject the rotten, choose the good and refuse the evil. This is extreme advice. There are grains of sound sense in it notwithstanding. It may be fairly laid in the balances against the opposite extreme, that fussy, squeamish, priggish scrupulosity lest the "dear children"—(the wicked little creatures that they are!)—should read anything but "good" books! And I confess that, for my part, I would prefer that young folk were left to read whatever they liked than that their reading should be so unwisely and so strictly chosen for them, as it often is; thus sending them to read certain other books by stealth. These "stolen apples," being sweeter *because* stolen, they are relished the more, and so an appetite is formed for *them*, although the "sweet" may be the rankest poison. Had the appetite been furnished with wholesome plenty, such "stolen" fruit would have had fewer attractions. Better let a boy help himself with bread and butter, jam, or pickles, from the pantry shelves, than that he should be strictly "dieted" by some one knowing nothing of chemistry or physiology. And far better that his mind should be left open for whatever in Nature, or life, or books may drop into it than that his mental pabulum should be severely provided for him by some narrow-headed, scheme-bound artificialist who is utterly unaware, if I may so speak, of the "physiology" of that boy's mind, and ignorant of the marvellous spiritual chemistries contained in books, and which that boy's mind needs.

But surely, apart from these extremes, there is some broad unmistakable sense by which we may be guided in procuring reading for the children of our Sunday-Schools.

When Godwin wrote his story of "Caleb Williams" he aimed at writing a book which should leave no man who read it the same as he was before he came to it. And this might be said to be the effect, more or less, of all books upon their readers. If such is not the effect, if the book doesn't alter the reader somewhat, to read it is waste energy and time. Bob Jakin, who had got no education but had a lively brain, used to tell his old mother that she should have sent him, when he was a lad, to school, so that, when he grew up, he would have known how to read if the books and keep his head "cool and empty." But to keep the head "cool and empty," or to make the head hot and empty, cannot surely be what we intend as the result of our children's reading. Let us, rather, take Godwin's idea that, for good or evil, each book we put into the hands of young folks will certainly affect them; it will guide them or mislead them; it will lull or arouse what is latent in their natures; it will order or unbalance their energies.

What kind of books, then, will best assist our children in pursuance of the aims of our Sunday-Schools? My answer is simple and brief—*Books that touch realities.*

In other words, books that make them aware of what *is* and of what *must* be.

Now, if there be a kernel of truth in that answer, you will find that many of the "popular" books will have to be condemned. Indeed one is almost tempted to say—"Beware of popular books for children." At any rate, one may safely say that a book being *popular* is no guarantee that it is not morally injurious to its young readers. Some of the soppiest trash that ever was put on paper for children reaches into incredible editions, and this cannot be accounted for on the ground that children read it and like it, but that their parents don't read it and still buy it.

Dare I enter a protest against our common fairy tales? The time was when our forefathers feared the fairies, and called them the "good folk" in flattery. But that day is gone. Why should we set children to read about fairies any longer then? We are guilty of disseminating error by so doing; and it is error of a very dangerous kind. We teach them to believe in beings who don't exist; we allow them to imagine that these beings may do things *contra-naturally*, in spite of the laws of nature. Does not this teach the child to believe in luck, in chance, in foolish expectations? "But he loses his childish faith in fairies by and by" do you say? Yes, and how many more unseen things may he lose faith in because of his mind working thus? When the mind has been deceived in one thing it tends to doubt many others. And do you say that as he gains experience he learns that neither fairies nor any other beings can set aside the laws of nature? But why not let him learn that fact from the first? Life, which depends on these laws, is surely all too short to have more to unlearn in it than is necessary. Would I object to making animals talk in our children's stories, it is asked. Certainly not. Animals do talk in their native way; and so do "modern savages," and so did ancient Greeks. But when we are reporting their expressions to our children we usually make them talk English; and what I object to is our making them tell lies! Children are born believers. Shall we be their deceivers? But we are deceiving them whenever we allow either animals or fairies to tell them that they may dodge the Divine limits: in other words, the Divine laws of body, mind, or spirit. And fairy books, in so far as they teach "luck" instead of "work," "chance" instead of "law," are of doubtful value.

It may be well, as I pass on, to make my peace with the fairy "good folk" by saying that I am not speaking one word against the Realm of Fancy; for surely Fancy is as real as Knowledge. All that I ask is that we should use Fancy to teach what *is* and what *must* be. If we want wonders why not tell of the wondrously real, instead of manufacturing the wondrously unreal and the dangerously untrue? The sea-caves and rock-caverns are as full of the really marvelous as ever they were of the unreal. Moreover, real life, and its laws of relations and results, needs more than ever to be come close up to by our children.

There is another danger we need to avoid. Most of the books provided for children are books of imagination. Children are certainly imaginative. But why? Why, in order that their fresh bright minds may throw a cloud of glory over the dull facts of life which, to older minds, have long since faded into the light of common day. But the imagination of children is appealed to and worked upon by most books as though the observing, the analysing, the combining the reasoning powers were perfectly grown and needed no attending to. Now, we may be sure the boy will use his imagination freely and easily as Nature evidently intended, for the time being, and as we must appeal to the palate to get food eaten, so must we use imagination. But our books go to stimulate it, excite it, over-use it, instead of assisting the other faculties to grow in proportion to it. I like to hear of boys reading the books they take out of our libraries, and being eager to get another; but I doubt if we are doing these boys the greatest good by giving them such books as cause them

to read, read, read, night after night, angry if disturbed, heedless if called, careless of the real, lost in the imaginary. And yet I observe that this is often the effect, of most books they read, upon boys and girls. I hold that the effect is bad, as the effect of highly-seasoned meats, and as the effect of dram-drinking, is bad. By reading such books of mere imagination, that wonderful imagination of children, which should last for life as the appetite of the mind, becomes cloyed and early over-used. It is to me lamentable to see such young natures craving for something still more stimulating in each next book. And yet anyone who watches our libraries or our literature for the young must confess that, as a rule, didactic or instructive books, revealing or nourishing books, are almost in disrepute. The demand of the over-used imagination is for another startle or scare, and the supply is ever on the way; so that you shall see a small boy as dissatisfied as Solomon over some of our best books. He is weary to read them; and by the time he grows up, when he should have some store of knowledge and character, instead of Nature and Life opening ever-increasing miracles to his mind, mankind and the universe have become pretty dull and grey to him, and remain so!

There is another kind of book now common about which a little consideration is called for; but on this point I speak with reserve. The books referred to I might call the "firsers-up" of a boy's ambition. These are mostly biography. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." True; but what is the sublimity to consist in? As a rule, these books lead a boy to dream that he too may, perhaps, become a poet! Well, who would shut up one book and by that means "freeze the genial current" of one young soul? But we are to remember that we want the majority of our children to become something else besides poets, or even statesmen and scientists. The world's work, for the material feeding and clothing of earth's millions, has to be done. Most of the children in our Sunday-Schools are to take their share in this world's work. Providence sends the poets. They are sure to "sing" if they "must." We need not fear that we may baulk God in that. If the "village Hampden" is anything but a "*village*" Hampden, he will be heard of before he lies in the churchyard. The genuine "Milton" will be neither "mute" nor "inglorious." At any rate, we may take it for granted that for the majority of our Sunday-School children their sublimity will have to consist in ordinary work; and would it not be wise to teach them to look forward to a life of sober possibilities, of moderate desires, of quiet well-doing? Is there any lesson needs teaching more than this to-day—to do work well and to stand bravely and cheerily in your place? Instead of the fret, and strain, and panic where the many fail and but the few succeed (often doubtfully succeed!), how much better that children should early learn not to "grasp at the stars and stick in the mud." And what an agent might biography be in teaching this! None better. In one of his addresses on "Science and Culture," Huxley represents the mass of mankind exclaiming to its learned few—"What can your learning do for us? Here we find ourselves in a Universe. We are constantly coming into collision with, and damaging ourselves against, three Powers—the power of the invisible God; the power of our fellow-man; the power of brute Nature. Help us to understand these powers, and how to order our lives accordingly." And in like manner do the children say to us—"We are new-comers into this Universe. Our eyes have but just opened on it. We have taken but a few strides along the road of life. You have been here longer; your eyes have seen what ours have not; you have travelled further into the mystery of years. Show us what you see we pray you! Help us to begin our journey wisely." And it is in answer to this mute appeal of earth's younger ones that we provide them with books to read. Why should we provide them with libraries? That they may be amused? Yes, but not amused merely. I fear

we have gone too far in that direction. The old story books did good work in their day, even though they did inevitably wind up with the words—"Moral, Be Good." The work they attempted should be the aim of our Sunday-School Libraries. The books we put there should *improve* the young. I care not what honest means are used to do this—history, biography, fiction, the story of the earth, or the story of man; but this we may be certain of, that to-day the books we give to our young people should be books of realities—the realities of life, the realities of Nature, the realities of the world within and the world without. These more than ought else should be conveyed by our libraries to our young folks. Such stories as are natural and character-helping are a crying need of the day; especially in our own denomination is it difficult to get what is wanted for our libraries. There is work for dozens of men and women among us to provide such stories of realities for our children. What might not such books teach? The children of to-day, the men and women of the future, the inhabitants of this earth when we have left it, the heirs of all the ages that have passed away—each one of these children might by such books of realities be made to feel with Emerson when he exclaimed—

"I am owner of the sphere,
The seven stars, and the solar year;
Of Cesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain."

For, what above all is needed among us now-a-days? Is it not this?—That our young folk shall know for certain that they are girdled with laws; that each one has got some work to do well; that life is sowing and reaping in a very real sense; that, as Ruskin says, "Sow an act and you shall reap a habit, sow a habit and you shall reap a character, sow a character and you shall reap a destiny."

This, as it seems to me, is the broad sense that should guide us in selecting books for our "Sunday-School Libraries."

BOOK NOTICE.

Creed and Character: A Drama in Three Acts.

By Rev. CHRISTOPHER J. STREET. 56 pp.

This Drama, which is founded on the Rev. Silas K. Hocking's story entitled "Reedyford, or Creed and Character," has been prepared for the use of Schools by our energetic friend, the Rev. C. J. Street, M.A., of Padiham.

The story is one of deep interest, bringing out in very striking manner the contrast between professional and practical religion, and in a series of well-conceived dramatic incidents enchainning the attention of the reader. As dramatised by Mr. Street, it is, if possible, even more effective and attractive. The plot is well brought out, the conversations are lively and sparkling, and the dramatic form and character are well sustained. The only fault in it as a drama for young people is its length, and the great amount of labour it must take to prepare it for the stage. But it could not well be cut down, and the story itself never flags or fails to interest. We are glad to commend it to our readers as a useful little book illustrative of life and character. Its price is *Sixpence*.

SELECTIONS.

W O R K .

If some great angel spake to me to-night
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasures infinite,
From goody gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted; what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? the fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
Should I choose Love to fill mine empty heart,
With soft, strong sweetness as in days of old?
Nay, for Love's rapture hath an after-smart,
And on Love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose Life with long, succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is *longer time* for tears.
I would choose Work, and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired, tyrant Nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Oh! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasures infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will, and work, and strength go hand in hand.
—From *All the Year Round*.

THERE was a wise devout man, who is called in the Catholic Church, St. Philip Neri, of whom many anecdotes touching his discernment and benevolence are told at Naples and Rome. Among the nuns in a convent not far from Rome, one had appeared who laid claim to certain rare gifts of inspiration and prophecy, and the abbess advised the Holy Father at Rome of the wonderful powers shown by her novice. The Pope did not well know what to make of these new claims, and Philip coming in from a journey one day, he consulted him. Philip undertook to visit the nun, and ascertain her character. He threw himself on his mule all travel-soiled as he was, and hastened through the mud and mire to the distant convent. He told the abbess the wishes of his Holiness, and begged her to summon the nun without delay. The nun was sent for, and as soon as she came into the apartment, Philip stretched out his leg all bespattered with mud, and desired her to draw off his boots. The young nun, who had become the object of much attention and respect, drew back with anger and refused the office. Philip ran out of doors, mounted his mule, and returned instantly to the Pope—"Give yourself no uneasiness, Holy Father, any longer; here is no miracle, for here is no humility."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Treasurer of the Unitarian Society begs to acknowledge receipt of the following Subscriptions for 1881:—

BELFAST.

M. R. Linden	...	£0 5 0
Joseph Nelson, M.D.	...	0 5 0
And for 1882,		
BELFAST.		
Miss Barker, Ulsterville Avenue	...	0 10 0
Rev. J. C. Street do.	...	1 0 0
HOLYWOOD.		
Joseph Nelson, M.D.	...	0 5 0
Also, CONGREGATIONAL COLLECTIONS—		
Mountpottinger (1881)	...	0 15 5
Carriekfergus (1882)	...	1 0 0
Moneyrea (1882)	...	6 1 0
Second Congregation (1882)	...	34 14 0

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